It is ſuppoſed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a deſprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither armde againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutios kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne ſlaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beawtie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.

Death

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beawtie:
Thou art not conquerd, beawties enſigne yet
Is crymſon in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyeſt thou there in thy bloudie ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his paramour?
For feare of that I ſtill will ſtaie with thee,
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres,
From this world wearied fleſh, eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks, thy ſeaſick weary barke:
Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.